

## MUTINY AT SEA.

When you come to speak of dreadful things, you may set it down that a mutiny at sea can be classified first. It is in most cases the turning of the worm. Men who have had it drilled into them for years that they must put up with such food as hogs would refuse, obey every order without question, peril their lives at the word, cringe and tremble before one of their own species because he is in authority, are not to be driven into mutiny on the high seas without extreme provocation.

When the worm turns, then look out! Your cringing forehead, your only the day before thanked the mate for knocking him down, may be a tyrant in turn.

The ship becomes a floating hell. The slaves of yesterday are the masters to-day. If once they take the step which renders them mutineers, they will not hesitate to go farther and add murder to the crime.

In the year 1861, after having served on coasting vessels for several years, and made one voyage from New York to Liverpool, I shipped as second mate on the bark Medway, bound from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands, and thence on a trading voyage to the islands of the south-west. The bark was a small one, but a good sailer and a dry ship, and I believe I was in luck in securing my berth. The captain, whose name was Burrows, seemed a very pleasant man, making use of no profane language, and appearing to be as mild-tempered as a parson. Mind you, I am giving my first impressions as I sized him up while we yet lay at the wharf. I shipped at Honolulu, the bark having already completed the first part of her voyage. I heard rumors to the effect that her whole crew deserted her on her arrival at the islands, but rumors among sailors are not to be depended on, and I gave the matter no investigation, though I saw that she was shipping a fresh crew. We left Honolulu with twelve men before the mast, and we were not yet off soundings when the trouble began.

The meat which had been boiling away in the cook's coppers during the forenoon gave out stage odors. From the whiffs I had caught now and then I knew something was wrong, and when the meat was carried forward in the kids at noon the stench was enough to turn one's stomach. The mate, whose name was Berry, saw that I was surprised such meat should be placed before the men on a voyage just begun, and he growled:

"Ah! d—'em; it's too good for such as they. Just let me catch 'em making a fuss over it, and I'll work up their old iron in a way to open their eyes!"

I was astounded. Mr. Berry had seemed a quiet, even-tempered man, and I had said to myself that there would be no bullying aboard of the Medway. The watches had not yet been set, but the bark was on her course before a light breeze, and things were being made shipshape. The captain was already at dinner, and soon after uttering the remarks quoted above the mate went down to join him. I was thus left in charge of the deck, but the crew, with the exception of the man at the wheel, were forward with their kids. As the beef made its appearance there was a movement of surprise, and I heard several of them utter expressions of disgust. The meat was picked up and closely examined, and then all faces were turned in my direction. Then, after a brief consultation, an old sailor whose every look and action proved the genuine tar, picked up the meat tub and came aft with it. He was going to make a complaint, which he had a perfect right to do, and I, as officer of the deck, had no right to refuse to listen. He put down the tub, doffed his hat, and very respectfully said:

"Mr. Carling, the meat isn't hardly fit to bait a shark. It is probably the fault of the cook. Will you kindly forward our complaint to the captain?"

At that moment Captain Burrows appeared on deck. Taking in the situation at a glance, he walked straight up to the sailor and thundered:

"What in hell's name does this mean, you dog? Finding fault with your provisions before the first meal is begun! Get forward, you infernal whelp!"

The man retreated without a word, in reply, but left the tub behind him. I'm telling you the solemn truth when I say that the odor of it was enough to turn my stomach seven or eight feet away.

"It's just like 'em, the hounds!" roared the captain. "It's the beef they find fault with, eh? Here, every mother's son, come aft!"

The men slowly obeyed, knowing that a storm was at hand. The captain picked up the tub, held it out toward them, and said, "Is there anything wrong with the meat? Who says this isn't as sweet beef as was ever placed before sailors? Who is the man?"

For a minute not one of them answered him. Then the man who had brought the tub aft stepped out, made a respectful salute, and replied, "Captain Burrows, we didn't find fault with you, but with the cook. The meat is so far gone that no man aboard can eat it."

"Oh, it's bad, is it?" sneered the captain, as he placed the tub in his hands. "No one can eat it, eh? Let's see about that!"

With his naked fingers he lifted up a piece and bit off a mouthful and swallowed it. At that moment the mate appeared on deck, and the captain called: "Mr. Berry, the men declare this meat is unfit to eat. Come and taste it, and give me your opinion."

The mate came forward and tasted it. I saw him wince as he chewed at the stuff, but he bravely swallowed it down, and exclaimed: "The best beef I ever saw aboard a ship!"

"You whelps! You hounds! You gang of lazy sofs, but I'll teach you to find fault!" screamed the captain, as he threw the tub at the nearest sailor; and then he dashed among them, followed by the mate, and four or five men were knocked down and kicked about in the most brutal manner. Not one of them made an attempt at resistance, and they were not followed beyond the foremast.

"There! I guess they have had an introduction to me, and will know hereafter how to brace their yards," chuckled the captain as he came aft. "I run this craft, Mr. Carling, and I want every man aboard to know it. I want no man in the cabin who coddles the f-o-castle. Why didn't you knock the dog down when he came aft with the beef?"

Capt. Burrows, I replied, "I was never aboard of a vessel yet where the master would not listen to a complaint when respectfully and regularly set forth."

"Oh, you weren't! And so I've got a second mate who can teach me something. How very fortunate I am! Let me say to you, sir, that you had better go forward. I can break you and send you gowd among the men, and I'll do it if you give me the slightest excuse."

With that he turned and went below. In a little time the watches were named and set, and as I was ready to turn in the mate took occasion to observe:

"The old man is a little headstrong, but it needs a strong hand over these fellows. If once you begin to palaver with 'em they'd demand cabin stores within a week."

"But the meat was horrible."

"Well, I've seen better; but they had no business to kick up a row about it. They're lucky to get meat of any sort."

I went below realizing that I had shipped aboard a floating hell, and that my position was a precarious one. As for following the example of captain and mate I would not, and if I was degraded and sent forward—a matter which lay entirely with the captain—I had better go overboard at once. Had the captain been a just and mild-tempered man the mate would have been under restraint. As the captain had taken the lead and shown that he intended to govern by kicks and blows, the mate felt free to exercise his brutal nature. Within half an hour after I had left the deck he forced an excuse for knocking one of the men down, and an hour later he reported to the captain that he had never sailed with such a gang of mutinous dogs.

During my night watch I saw and heard enough to realize a feeling of deep indignation had taken hold of the crew, and that it needed only another act of brutality to incite a rebellion. The man at the wheel invented an excuse to speak to me and presently observed:

"Some of the men feel pretty sore, Mr. Carling, and I hope they won't be driven to—"

He did not finish the sentence, and said: "Let them take their grievances before the first American consul. There are laws to protect the sailor as well as the officer."

"But who of us ever saw those laws enforced, sir? Jack is a dog at sea, and a nobody ashore. The captain tells his story to the consul, and if Jack follows after, he's more likely to be sent to prison than to receive justice."

I could not gainsay it, and I, as an officer of the ship, had no right to encourage a spirit of complaint. Sailor men will stand poor rations and the most brutal abuse so long as they are without a leader. What had happened during the day might have been passed over and forgotten had not the scenes been renewed.

The mate came on deck in bad temper, and as my watch turned in he was abusing his for their tardiness in answering the call, though I never saw a quicker change on any craft. It happened that the man who had acted as spokesman in regard to the beef was the last one out of the f-o-castle. It was no wonder for several of his teeth had been loosened and one of his eyes closed by the blows, and he was probably stiff and sore. As I went down the companion I heard the mate shouting:

"Ah! you infernal skulker, but I'll cure you of this! If you've come aboard this bark to sojourn and live on sweet cake, you want to look out for me!"

I turned in sick at heart, now realizing that there would be no let up on the part of captain or mate to the end of the voyage. It did not seem as if I had been asleep half an hour, though in reality three hours had passed, when some one pulled at my arm, and a voice said:

"Mr. Carling, you are wanted on deck, sir."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"It's me, sir—James Martin. Will you come on deck at once?"

I knew that the man was a common sailor, though I did not know any of them by name as yet. I reached the deck a minute behind him. The bark was on a course, but the breeze was very light. To my astonishment I found most of the men aft, and I was no sooner on deck than I saw that something was very wrong.

"Mr. Carling," said the man who had complained of the beef, and whose name was Johnson, "the Medway is in our possession. We have been driven to mutiny."

"It can't be," I exclaimed, as I looked about.

But it is true, sir, and now we want to know whether you are going to stand by us or side with the captain?"

"Where is the captain?"

Lying over there in the lee scuppers, bound hand and foot. The mate went overboard half an hour ago."

I walked over to where the captain was lying. He was securely bound, but no harm had come to him as yet. He was, however, in mortal terror, and as soon as he set eyes on me he called out, in broken tones:

"Mr. Carling, for God's sake save my life! Don't let them murder me in cold blood!"

As I looked from captain to mutineer, Johnson said:

"The mate was among us with a belaying pin, seeming bent on murder, and we had to do for him. Then we reasoned that we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and we secured the captain."

"Men, you have done a terrible thing! Don't you know every one of you will swing for this?"

"We want no preaching, Mr. Carling," replied Johnson. "What we want to know is, how you stand? The mate has gone, and the captain must follow. If you will navigate the bark for us, no harm shall come to you. If you refuse, then we shall set you adrift. We've gone too far to back water."

"Talk to 'em, Mr. Carling," gasped the captain, who was greatly broken down. "Tell 'em that if they will spare our lives they shall not be punished for what they have done. I give my word they shan't."

"What will you do with him?" I asked.

"Set him adrift in the yawl at day-break."

"And if I refuse to navigate the bark?"

"You go with him, though we'd be sorry for it, for you've used the men right."

"What point do you wish to make?"

"The coast of Brazil."

"Will you all sign a paper to the effect that I had nothing to do with bringing about this mutiny, and that I navigated the bark under duress?"

"We will that!" they shouted in chorus.

"Very well, I will remain; but why not keep the captain a prisoner instead of sending him adrift?"

"He must be punished, sir," replied Johnson.

I argued with 'em together and separately, but it was no use. They had decided on a course, and could not be swerved from it. Captain Burrows was a cringing coward. He begged, entreated, and sought to bribe, and when day fully broke he hadn't the heart of a woman. A man was sent aloft with a glass to survey the sea, and when he came down and reported the sea clear of sail the yawl was lowered, a keg of water, some of the spoiled meat, and a lot of wormy biscuits were placed in it, and they were ready to send the captain adrift. His cowardice was so great that one could not pity him. He had to be lowered over the side like a bundle of rags, and as his boat floated away he covered down on the bottom, and seemed to fall into a stupor. When he was half a mile astern, Johnson called every man aft and said:

"Now, men, Mr. Carling is to be our captain, and he is to be promptly obeyed. I shall be first mate, Peterson second, and, though we berth in the cabin, you shall have just as good food as we do. We will now name the watches, and things will go on as if there had been no trouble."

His word was not questioned. There was no exultation, no lawlessness, no boasting. Every man was quiet and thoughtful. They had been wronged. They had righted that wrong in their own way, and were now simply seeking to make a safe escape. In twenty minutes after the captain was set aloft you could not have told that anything out of the routine had happened. The decks were washed down, breakfast prepared, and when things had been cleared away Johnson came down into the cabin and said:

"Mr. Carling, how far are we out from the Sandwich Islands?"

"Not to exceed seventy miles."

"Very well; will you please give us the course for the Paumotu islands."

"But I was going to alter the course to run for South America."

"We don't want to go there. What I said was to deceive the captain, for it's likely he'll soon be picked up. We want to run down to the Paumotu islands."

I got out the charts, gave him the course, and followed him on deck. Everything was shipshape, the men as respectful as you please, and it was hard to realize that anything like mutiny and murder had occurred. It seemed as if the very winds looked upon the revolution with favor, for the breeze hauled to our best sailing point and sent us along hour after hour and day after day until we were far to the south of the Sandwich Islands.

I am telling you now what I afterward swore to, that a better crew never trod a deck. There was no wrangling, no drinking, and not the least indication of insubordination. When we came to overhaul the ship's stores we found four-fifths of them as fresh and sound as any sailor could ask for. The other portion must have been put in by the captain on some speculation.

Near the line of the equator we had light winds and calms for several days, but finally got a slant which carried us to the south until we got a holding breeze, and one afternoon we sighted the islands for which we had long been headed. The group comprises fifty or more islands, with those of the Society, Cook, and Tabina lying just to the south. At this day most of the islands are inhabited. At that date only a few of them were, and there were not above three or four ports of call, mainly for the convenience of whalers in want of vegetables and water.

The bark had planned to visit the Marshall, Gilbert, and Phoenix islands, lying near the equator, and much nearer Honolulu. The Paumotu islands had been selected by the mutineers because two of them had once been wrecked among them, and spent a year or more in leading a half-civilized life.

Before dark we had made a safe anchorage, and, though the voyage was now ended, discipline still remained as strict as ever. That evening Johnson came down to me and said:

"Mr. Carling, the voyage is ended. You have done as you agreed, and you must admit that the men have been well-behaved. Will you go with us to-morrow or stick by the bark?"

"I must stand by the craft."

"Just as you say, sir. This is a sheltered spot, and we will leave you in good shape. We shall take the long boat, some spare sails, a few stores and other things, but nothing to cripple the bark. Good night, Mr. Carling."

The next day the long boat was hoisted out, and the men took some muskets, a few hatchets, kettles to cook in, fishing tackle, tobacco, pipes, and a keg of rice, and finished off with ship stores enough to last 'em for a couple of weeks. There was over \$2,000 in gold in the cabin, and as Johnson knew it the others must have known it as well, but not a man asked for a dollar. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon before they were ready to go, and the last two hours were spent in making everything snug. All the light sails were sent down and put into the sail room, and the others were carefully stowed. The second anchor was dropped, and the captain's dingy was hoisted out and made fast alongside for my use if I wanted to go ashore. Then every man signed the paper I had drawn up, and as they went over the side each one took my hand and bade me good-by. I never saw one of them again.

Six weeks later a Massachusetts whaler discovered the Medway in her snug berth, and, as she happened to have the crew of a wrecked vessel aboard, I had no trouble in securing a compliment of men to return the bark to San Francisco. The captain, as was afterward learned, had drifted two days before he was picked up by a trading steamer, but he died several days after his rescue. So far as I know no steps were ever taken to overhaul the mutineers, as after my statements in the courts public sympathy was altogether in their favor.—New York Times.

What an English Journal Slangily Says.

Efforts are being made to create a reaction against the present rage for the general use of steel instead of iron. Commenting upon the disastrous results of the experiments to test the merits of some new Krupp guns, several of which burst and killed a number of gunners, the Manufacturers' Gazette slangily says: "These were steel affairs, like the hull of the Oregon, which proved to be as brittle as pipe-clay. The Yankees have demonstrated their ability to make iron guns that 'won't bust,' and that will give all the service steel guns yield, and cost about one-half what steel guns do. Now, why not develop iron? Our leading inventors in your western railways are talking hereabout that good old-fashioned iron rails outlast the 'new-fangled' steel ones, and are fighting 'tooth and nail' against buying any more of the 'pesky things.' It was on a compromise to settle this that that first notable steel-rail order went abroad. Now, let us have a good test of the big iron guns the government officials have been fooling with at Sandy Hook the year past, and see if the best iron has not some virtue left. Steel is fashionable, that's what's the matter!"—Chicago News.

Roofing-Tiles of Wood Pulp.

Roofing tiles are being manufactured of wood pulp, and by the use of different colored sands a variety of tints are imparted to the tiles, rendering them capable of producing pleasing effects in ornamentation. It is claimed that their lightness obviates the necessity of heavy framing to support the roof, while their toughness protects them against blows, footsteps, or the action of frost. Pulp tiles are more elastic than wood, and therefore lie closer together and nails penetrate them more easily and bind them more closely to the beams than is the case with shingles.—Chicago News.

Ceylon now claims to grow the finest tea in the world.

## RIGHT SIDE OF THE DOLLAR.

I've lived sixty years in this frisky old world.

An' seen lots of changin' an' turnin', An' fifty of them, by the sweat of my brow, My bread an' my butter been earnin'.

An' I've learned many things, in the way of hard facts

(I never was any great scholar), An' here's one for you. Whatever you do, Young man—an', young woman, I'm warnin' you too—

Keep on the right side of the dollar.

No matter how much you may want this or that,

If you can't spare the money to buy it, Don't run into debt, or you'll quickly regret

That you ever were tempted to try it. 'ough your clothes may be white at the seams, an' you find

Rough edges on cuffs an' on collar, Jest wait to get new till the same you can do,

Young man—an', young woman, I'm warnin' you too—

An' keep on the right side of the dollar.

Oh, the stripes an' the troubles that would be, like weeds,

Cut down in their pestilent growin', An' the blessin's, like beautiful flow'rs, that folks

In their stead would be constantly sowin'! Oh, the homes an' the lives that wouldn't be lost,

If all this plain precept would feller That I lay down to you! Whatever you do, Young man—an', young woman, I'm warnin' you too—

Keep on the right side of the dollar.

—Harper's Bazar.

Novel Appliances of the Manicure.

"The work of the manicure is very little understood," said an "operator" to a reporter. "There are many things of this nature which people in common know very little about. Now, here is one instrument which will interest you. Suppose a person has a badly shaped nose; it is too broad. This little appliance is placed on the organ and screwed up tightly. It compresses the nostrils closely together and tends to cause them to contract. A person who uses it must sleep with it on, and must breathe through his mouth."

The appliance exhibited was made of two pieces of metal, bent almost at a right angle, and covered with white kid. These two pieces were operated by two thumb screws, and when placed on the nose they could be tightly screwed up, so as to compress that organ.

"Here is another appliance," remarked the lady. "This is to be used by a person whose ears project too conspicuously from his head. Funny, isn't it?"

This appliance was a piece of steel bent to the head and covered with white kid. This fitted from the back of the neck to the frontal bone. Attached to it, on either side, was a spring strip of steel, to the ends of which a double cross or little bars were attached. These crosses, or bars, covered the ears, and the spring pressed them tightly against the head. The machine is quite a substitute for a night-cap.

"Our customers," said the lady, "come from the highest class of people, for this treatment is a luxury. We are patronized by actors and society people mostly, and I think that they find great satisfaction in their visits to a manicure.—Boston Herald.

Main Pre-Eminently a Cooking Animal.

We are told that among the many epithets that have been bestowed upon man to distinguish him from all other animals, he has been pre-eminently a cooking animal—the only animal who cooks or prepares his food prior to using it. (Lindsay).

There are many savage races of men who use flesh and fruits in their raw state, sometimes even in a condition of disgusting putridity. Not only so, but they devour living animals, or flesh cut from living animals. Moreover, they tear flesh with their teeth, after the manner of carnivora (Lindsay). Until the arrival of the European the Australians knew nothing about cooking or boiling food. (Buchner).

The bushmen of South Africa live partly upon small birds, which they swallow uncooked. Lizards are eaten raw by the Digger Indians. The Veddas of Ceylon live on wild honey, lizards and the flesh of monkeys, deer and boars. Wild men and wolf children of India tear and eat raw flesh, gather and gnaw bones like dogs, catch and swallow flies, bite the heads off live fowls, lap water with their tongues. Gerhardt says that they will pick up bones and sharpen their teeth on them. According to Col. Sleeman, a wolf child found in company with a wolf delighted in raw flesh and bones, putting them like a dog on the ground under her paws like a dog.—Sarah E. Titcomb.

Milk Venders of the Canary Islands.

Another industry is that of milk vendors. Goats' milk is used almost exclusively. And instead of carrying the milk about in gourd or in cans, the goats themselves are driven into the town every morning, and are milked in front of the purchaser's door—he himself or his servant inspecting the entire process. This certainly prevents the milkman from entering into silent partnership with the pump. Cows do not seem to be used for milk, but are employed very generally for draft. The yoke does not take hold of the fore-shoulders as with us, but are fastened to the forehead just below the horns; so that the cattle seem to bunt their load along rather than to draw it. I understand that the gain in this sort of harness is that thereby they secure the strength of the neck as well as that of the body. If they would hitch to the top of the horns they might get the strength of those too.—Cor. Detroit Free Press.

Wonderful Feat of a Swimmer.

A little known record was broken when Finney, the celebrated English professional swimmer, remained under water four minutes twenty-nine and one-half seconds. Only those who have themselves endeavored to keep immersed for a single minute can form any idea of the wonderful nature of the feat the Oldham swimmer performed.—Detroit Free Press.

Cloths Made from Sydney Wool.

Some of the London tailors have been having cloths made of Sydney wool, and intend to use them for their most expensive suits, as they are very durable.

Too Much Gazing at Microbes.

Pasteur has looked through microscopes so much that his eyes are seriously affected, and his face curiously wrinkled about them.—Paris Letter.

Plate-glass Insurance companies in New York received last year \$394,000 in premiums and paid out \$176,500 in losses.

The only ordained clergyman in congress is Representative Anderson, of Kansas.

"She has the sweetest voice in England," people say of Mrs. Oscar Wilde.

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